

# THE METROPOLITAN.

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NOVEMBER, 1833.

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## LITERATURE.

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### NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

*A Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Eye; containing a new mode of curing Cataract without an Operation, &c. &c.; together with remarks on the Preservation of Sight, on Spectacles, Reading glasses, &c.* By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., Oculist, Aurist to His Majesty, &c. &c. &c. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Co., Paternoster Row.

No aphorism is now more constantly rung in our ears, than "that we are all in a state of transition," and it is true as it is trite. Such being the case, men of talent should constantly bear it in mind, that the time may not be far distant, when intellect and the cultivation of the mind, will not only appropriate to itself by its energies, much of the property, but also, still more of the consideration of society. All this too, will be effected, not only without the violation, but in the support, of the social institutions. Nor should it ever be forgotten that life is a tissue of vicissitudes, and he who may have the mortification of being compelled to undergo an insult privately to day, may be enabled to forgive the insulter publicly to-morrow. We, an humble unit of the editorial plural, will now proceed to exemplify our moral by a tale. The chances of the world, that make and destroy fortunes, threw us, some twenty years ago, from comparative affluence, into the lap of Poverty, and we assure all those who were never dandled on the knees of that lady, that they are bony and annoying in the extreme. Misfortunes brought on privations; privations, nervousness; nervousness, partial deafness; deafness, itself a great misfortune, brought on more privations; more privations, more nervousness; more nervousness, more deafness; and thus we found ourselves placed in a very pretty circle of miseries, going on increasing *ad infinitum*. In fact, we were somewhat in a similar situation to the scorpion surrounded by fire, which, it is reported, to rid itself of its burning dilemma, stings itself to death. We had not the courage, or the cowardice, thus to extricate ourselves, so we clapped our hand to our ear, told the people to speak louder, and starved on. At length a friend, —the unfortunate have friends, let the rich think as they will—lent us Mr. Curtis's Treatise on the Ear. It was all my friend could do, for unfortunately the friends of the unfortunate are seldom themselves fortunate. This was about fourteen or fifteen years ago. We read it—it was lucid, convincing; the subject was not mystified by medical technicalities—it was evidently the work of a man of genius: we devoured it, and hoped,—but what was our delight, when on arriving at the end of the volume, we discovered the following notice, attached to a description of the newly-established royal dispensary for the cure of diseases of the

ear: "Every subscriber of one guinea per annum is entitled to one patient always on the books." In imagination we had broken the circle of our misfortunes, we should shortly be no longer deaf—that link snapped, every thing else would be easy. We suffered, we sacrificed, and, with twenty one shillings in silver in our pocket, we knocked at the door of the aurist's house in Soho-square; a gentle unpretending knock certainly, but yet, there was a little of the fluster of hope at the end of it. The servant in livery appeared, ushered us into a large, well-furnished apartment, and for three-quarters of an hour left us "alone in our glory," in the sublime contemplation of our too often brushed coat, and, to the amusement of gingling our silver in our pocket, and trying to match the sounds with the eternal *tinnitus aurium*, that sang in our head. It was a time of awful suspense, and we were permitted a sufficiency of its enjoyment. At length the door opens—we tremble—we start—the tumult in our ears beats loudly to the heavy throbbing of our heart—it is Mr. Curtis—it is the great aurist. With a smile, a bow, and a slide, (for he was then a very graceful gentleman, and he still may be so, for we have not since seen him,) in a moment, he was on a little stool at our side, with a silver lamp, darting his scrutiny into one of our ears. The politeness of his manner, and the suavity of his address, reassured us a little, but still, we had our misgivings. We knew that there was an explanation to take place—and that we had to plead guilty, perhaps at the bar of illiberality, to the heinous crime of poverty. "Stop, Mr. Curtis," said we, "in the midst of his silver-toned, yet considerate and impressive inquiries—"we are a man, sir, who has struggled, and is now struggling, with very many misfortunes. We cannot afford, sir, to give the usual fee." Mr. Curtis took his eye from our ear. "Our novel has just been returned to us from Mr. Colburn's." Mr. Curtis got down from that stool, on which he had placed himself, and we, so much dependence. "To sacrifice just now a guinea, for one visit, Mr. Curtis, would be almost equal to committing *felo-de-se*;"—Mr. Curtis put out his lamp—"for, young as we are, we have a wife and family,"—Mr. Curtis fell back four paces, and placed himself in an imposing position,—“but,” pulling out the prospectus of the dispensary of the ear, “we find here a clause that enables us to overcome our difficulty, for it says, that every subscriber of one guinea per annum is entitled to one patient always on the books. If you please, sir, we will become a subscriber for a year, and put our own name down as the patient we recommend.” So we held out our handful of silver to the astonished gentleman—"twenty-one shillings, we assure you, sir—you may count them if you please." Mr. Curtis looked at us with all manner of indignations, and seemed to have a great mind to kick our money out of our hands up to the ceiling. At length the concentrated storm burst upon us. "A pauper, sir—do you come here as a pauper, sir!—round to the other door, sir,—out of this room directly, sir!" At this explosion, we, who somebody says are not of the blindest of tempers, felt "all the blood of all the H—'s boiling in our veins; a violent altercation ensued, in which something was said of turning out on the one side, and a daring to do so on the other, to the astonishment of the stupid servant. We retired at length, with our pocket full of silver, and our bosom of indignation, and did not "go round to the other door." We make no comment on these facts. Time, that cures or destroys every thing but our confounded deafness, has long since skinned over the wound thus harshly, and we think unjustly, given to our feelings; and we now proceed to a dispassionate view of the gentleman's Treatise on the Eye.

This work may be looked upon, in some measure, as a manifesto put forward to the world, to justify the author in taking the eyes, as well as the ears of his Majesty's lieges under his especial protection. Would to heaven that all princes, potentates, and powers, had so much reason and

justice in their similar productions. The book is most ably, most scientifically, and most elegantly written. Unfortunately, we know too much about the eye, having, in addition to our other mishap, been once blind, though since almost wholly recovered by the late Mr. Ware. What pleases us particularly is, that Mr. Curtis will hereafter, by this publication, restrain the rash hand of the too confident operator. We are convinced, from our own feelings and experience, which are to us better than a thousand books, that Mr. Curtis is accurately right in tracing the origin of almost all the nervous disorders that effect both eye and ear to the great nerval ganglion, near the region of the stomach. Even now, the many-toned tumult in the interior of our head, and the occasional dimness of our sight, are intimately connected with the state of that mysterious part. We think that we have read almost every treatise written upon the eye and the ear, and we unhesitatingly pronounce this, under our notice, to be, by far, the very best. A person who treats his readers with such elegant composition, and his patients with such success, forcibly verifies to us the truth of the principles of the heathen fable, that made Apollo preside both over the Muses and Medicine. We earnestly entreat every one who values his sight, whether that sight be good or bad, to become acquainted with the contents of this book. It will give him, in the first place, a clear idea of what his eye is, and in the next, of what it is capable. It will prevent him confiding in quack nostrums, and having recourse to quack doctors. We are also instructed when to apply to the optician, when to the oculist. No book could have been of more service to the community at large, and instructive to the faculty in particular. Mr. Curtis has made the great European community hold his name in respect, and we are convinced, that in return, the world at large will record him as one of its benefactors. We say this in the sincerity of our feelings, for though we are now, with the exception of our hearing, in robust health, it is not likely we shall ever be benefited by that skill we so much admire, as we are still too proud to apply as paupers, and too poor to throw away consecutive guineas upon the hope now so forlorn, of receiving relief, when we feel certain that long standing constitutional disarrangement has now produced organic destruction in those nerves that administer to the sense of hearing.

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*Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832, under the Orders of His Imperial Majesty, Don Pedro, Duke of Braganza.* By G. LLOYD HUGHES HODGES, Esq. Late Colonel in the service of Her Most Faithful Majesty, the Queen of Portugal. 2 vols. James Fraser, Regent Street.

This straightforward, honest, and yet not inelegant publication, must give food for deep and bitter reflection to every one who has the glow of liberty at their hearts, and that possesses that holy enthusiasm in the cause of the amelioration of mankind, that is so noble, yet too often, so ungratefully treated. Great, indeed, must have been the hatred of despotism in the heart of Colonel Hodges, when he submitted himself to the coolnesses, contumelies, and insults of something but little short of despotism itself, in his ardour for a nation, that we fear cannot yet appreciate a devotion that ought to excite in them at least generosity, if it fails to kindle emulation. The difficulties that the colonel had to encounter, and which he overcame, in the barracks and in the field, could only be exceeded by the more disgusting difficulties which he had to encounter, and which overcame him at last, in the closet of Don Pedro. We are only surprised that the much-enduring and gallant soldier had not, early in his irritating career, flung his commission in the faces of the mean chamber-council, the tattling, valet-composed synod, that had such a



pernicious influence upon the mind of the obstinate, yet unstable Pedro. Pity it is, that the destinies that controul the happiness of millions, should be consigned to the direction of such pitiful machinators. In every station of life the ill-educated are their own enemies, and a bane to those who are unhappily influenced by the prejudices of their ignorance; but how deplorable is it, when an uneducated chief takes upon himself the direction of a vast enterprise, and the regeneration of an empire! The uninformed are all their lives under a course of tuition, but generally, as in the case of Don Pedro, they choose their tutors, not from the high-minded, the wise, and the honest—for the tutelage then would wound the vanity of the tutored—but from the servile, the crawling, and the menial. The reptiles flatter whilst they influence; and the deluded sovereign thinks “himself every inch a king,” whilst he is but a puppet in the hands of a disgraceful clique, almost as ignorant as, but infinitely more cunning than, himself. There are many estimable points about the character of the Duke of Braganza, but his greatest misfortune is, to have been born a prince. His faults are of his station, his virtues of the man. When on board of his frigate, with his new levies, instead of playing the part of the hero, he was pleased to play that of the exclusive sovereign. Cold and haughty to the gallant and lofty-minded men who came to lavish their blood in his ungrateful service, he was prodigal of his smiles and jocularities with his menials. Instead of cheerfully sharing the discomforts of a crowded ship, and winning hearts by the easy devices of popularity, he was as petulant as a sick *femme de chambre*, and as exclusive as a nobleman’s groom of the chambers. He is ignorant. We really fear for the cause, when we see who is the ostensible head of it. Colonel Hodges relates some instances of the malice and fatuity of those who swayed those councils that the superior sanctioned, that would appear to us incredible, did we not know the high character of the relator, and that no one would dare to offer to the public a deliberately concocted falsehood, when the contradiction would be so easy, and the attendant infamy so certain. What will Englishmen think, when they are informed, that when their countrymen were formed into a battalion, they were actually kept for months in a state nearly of nudity, whilst all the necessary clothing was stopped at the Portuguese Custom-house for the payment of duty; and the cause of this cruel absurdity was merely to mortify Colonel Hodges, and to weaken the English influence with the emperor, by making the troops of that nation appear in a ridiculous and a degraded light? Great indeed must have been the commander’s ardour, to have permitted him to submit to such mortifications. We conceive that, all through his connexion with the Portuguese, he performed every thing that a wise, brave, and enlightened soldier could do; that he never failed in deference to the emperor, that he had a care almost paternal for the Englishmen entrusted to his charge, that but for him, Don Pedro, instead of being at Lisbon, would have now added one more to the company of expatriated crowned heads, and that he has, by his energy, his intelligence, and his perseverance, made the duties of those who have succeeded him in his command, comparatively easy. The ingratitude of princes is proverbial; but, as it is well known that Don Pedro has estimable qualities as a man, we hope that, should his efforts be crowned with the success that we so ardently wish them, he will remember who first smoothed the way for his triumph, and, like the forlorn hope, faced the danger when it was most insurmountable, and led the way when there were many to oppose, and few to follow.

In conclusion, we must state it as our opinion, that the struggle between the brothers is, even now, but in its infancy. The country and the priesthood are still Don Miguel’s. Contractors may become weary of furnishing loans, and mercenaries provident of their blood. Lisbon and Oporto are not the nation, nor can they long exist independently of it.



We say this, not to dishearten the friends of the Queen's cause, for we think it that of justice and human improvement ; but to impress upon the minds of Don Pedro and his advisers, the necessity of cherishing those few men, who, not of his nation, have been so prodigal of their blood in his cause, whose arms have hitherto supported him, and, if ultimate success is to be his, it can be obtained only by their enterprise, their devotion, and their valour. When we had read Colonel Hodges' book, we felt that the publication of the work had done him, the emperor, more disservice than a town taken; and when we discovered what was the treatment of the British in the Portuguese service, our hopes of his enterprise diminished, more than if we had heard that he had lost three pitched battles.

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*Reflections on the Domestic and Foreign Policy of Great Britain since the War.* By a BRITISH MERCHANT, long resident abroad. James Ridgway, Piccadilly.

Notwithstanding the vituperative tirade of Burke, the sneers of a contemptuous aristocracy, or the ridicule attached to the venders of casks of tallow, the British merchant is still a noble character. Would that he did not endeavour so often to step out of it, and in the futile attempt to become more, find himself too often something much less. These reflections were forced upon us by the perusal of this treatise. It is well written; but for want of a lucid arrangement, it, in a great measure, makes the views that it would appear to advocate, ambiguous, and the reader's search after truth, wearisome. Classification in all argumentative works, is indispensably necessary. At times, we find the "British Merchant" has changed sides with the landholder, and is very astutely fighting the battle of that already too powerful class. He has some very pungent and sensible remarks upon Lord Castlereagh's foreign policy, at the close of that war so glorious to the English arms, yet so destructive to her internal prosperity. That statesman, surprised into vain-gloriousness by unexpected success, too chivalrously played the generous, and gave away those commercial advantages, and neglected those opportunities of indemnifying this country, whose treasure had supported, and whose valour had so gloriously terminated, a war that had threatened the independence of the great European family of nations. If we refused territory, we should have insisted upon commercial advantages; but it appears that Castlereagh thought less of giving away the trade of his nation, than that of acting the munificent part, and receiving in return, no other advantages more brilliant than sundry snuff-boxes. The "British Merchant" well advocates the shipping interest; and, while he denies not the heroism and glory of the expedition to Algiers, he clearly points out how greatly that success was conducive to the ruin of our Mediterranean mercantile marine. But we do not think that all his propositions deserve similar commendation. He is often running a tilt, and well armed too with reasonings, against the opinions of Miss Harriet Martineau. He is also unwarrantably severe upon the incompetency of military and naval colonial governors. Take them for all in all, no class of men ever administered a government, or used their powers, more discreetly, more generously, or honourably. The remarks upon the currency form the best part of the book; they are at once searching, expansive, and logical. They deserve to be extended into a book by themselves, and to be studied by all who wish to master that very intricate question. Though, as we have hinted before, the materials are so good, they are mixed together in a manner so conglomerated, that in reading them, pleasure becomes impossible, and instruction difficult. As we rise from the perusal of the volume, we find that, instead of the much-involved knot of foreign and domestic policy being untied, it is only loosened into a tangled skein equally confused,

and perhaps, from the previous attempt, still more difficult to make ultimately clear. To have good and comprehensive ideas, we verily believe to be second in advantage to the faculty of arranging thoughts, otherwise inferior.

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*The Dream; and other Poems.* By MRS. GEORGE LENOX-CONYNGHAM. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

In the eye of the impartial critic, an author has no sex. The creation of a lady's imagination must be estimated by its individual merits, not by the wit, the beauty, or the learning of the person who produced it. It has a distinct existence of its own, it is like a youth come of age. It may be foolish, and yet its parent not a fool; pretending, yet its parent not vain; wearisome, yet its parent an inexhaustible fountain of vivacity. We premise these remarks, as we think that this work is not a fair transcript of the lady's mind. We feel convinced that, from some beautiful passages, some bursts of heavenly light that break through these pages, that the authoress has lamentably failed in the expression of those glowing and god-like ideas, that must carry her away in her poetical abstractions, in a flight equal in talent and sublimity to that of the best of our modern poets. But who will believe her capable of these aspirations who read only these poems, and will not study them? Common-place phraseology, tautologous sentences eked out to weariness for the sake of the rhyme, and the almost general want of the *cæsura*, so necessary and graceful in metre, have thrown such a heavy mist over the brilliancy of the lady's thoughts, that we see at best but an enlightened fog, streaked here and there by a flashing sunbeam. How unfortunately the poem begins—

"There is a land, where precipice and flood  
Contrast their horrors."

Horrors may be contrasted with beauties—it is not enough that the precipice and flood should be opposite in situation, which is perhaps the lady's meaning, but they should be opposite in their characters and attributes to form a contrast. The poem proceeds with—

"Lawn, and stream, and wood, their beauties blend."

Let us give even horrors their due—they have as much right to blend as beauties. What will the reader think of this verse?

"I watched her sufferings, day by day—  
Sufferings! no, she had none:  
'Twas mine that penalty to pay!  
Her reason, feeling, all were gone," &c. &c.

It is versification, weak, and almost nonsensical, like this, that does the lady's conceptions so much injury. We will turn to a more pleasing task, that of commendation, and tell the reader, that he will find pathos, sentiment, and originality, abounding in these poems. The simile beginning at—"The most revolting punishment," is new to us, and beautiful; as is also that of the frozen water drop. In fact, to enumerate the beauties, would be almost the same as to count the pages; but they are mostly sadly enveloped in an ungraceful diction. The poet is born almost perfect—the versifier is the creature of art. The latter must be taught. When the Muses will condescend to keep school, Mrs. Conyng-ham, we feel certain, would be the most apt scholar of whom they could ever be proud. We cannot help confessing to ourselves, and generously giving the lady the benefit of it, that she wants a little schooling; though perhaps she ought not to condescend to have any personage less august than a Muse for a mistress.

*The Comic Offering, or Ladies' Mélange of Literary Mirth, for 1834.*  
 Edited by LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN. Smith, Elder, and Co.  
 Cornhill.

Adequately to praise Miss Sheridan, the string of commendation upon which we should harp, should be a *string* of puns. Indeed, she is so learned a *pundit*, that she may take any degree that she pleases in the Comical College, for she is comical to a degree. We read, and our reading infected us with pleasure, and our pleasure infected us with punning. When we got hold of a word we shook it well by the shoulders, to see if we could not make some occult meaning *drop* from it; if we succeeded, we secured it, and trust that we may not be accused of taking a *drop* too much, or occasion a wish that we may *drop* the subject. We have heard some untutored grumblers complain that many of the lady's puns are far fetched—the brutes! have they no politeness, no gallantry? for, the farther that Miss Sheridan went for them, the more obliged the public ought to be to her for taking so much trouble. Any noodle can pick up what lies immediately under his nose. No, no, we like to *seize* a pun that is brought from beyond *seas*, and the wit of which no one *sees*, without a due, awful, and tantalizing consideration. We have caught the manner. It is meet that we meet pun with pun, and mete them out in a *fit* measure while the *fit* lasts, and so, while we find ourselves i' th' vein, it will be in vain to expect anything better from us. Miss Sheridan must be answerable for the consequences! Her engravings had nearly *in-graved* us with their care-killing drollery, had we not discovered that they were *wood*-cuts, which gave us a *deal* of *relief*, which many of the cuts themselves want. There, if any one can make worse puns than these, let them—we are notorious for magnanimity—they shall be heartily welcome to all the glory they may bring them. We have mended our pen, and finding that our puns are so unpointed we have nibbed away the punning point, and now proceed to write with all becoming critical sedateness, and to inform the public that Miss Sheridan has produced a pleasant emui-dispelling and elegant little volume, replete with sketches that beam with the higher attributes of wit, and, though she sometimes condescends to a sort of Scaramouch drollery, yet never, by word or thought, does she make the least approximation to grossness. There is one piece in it by Mrs. Abdy, rich with refined pleasantry; and the Cad, by Lady Clarke, is a fine specimen of chastened humour. We heartily recommended the Comic Offering to all who wish to make a gift pleasant, or to relieve themselves from the *tedium vitæ*, to which the most cheerful of us are, at times, miserably subjugated.

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*The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée; comprising a Narrative of her Adventures, with her Private Papers and her Secret Correspondence.*  
 By GENERAL DERMONCOURT, who arrested Her Royal Highness at Nantes. Bull and Christon, Holles Street.

*Exposés* like those contained in this volume, do infinite harm to the cause of loyalty in every quarter of the world. Presumption, fanaticism, and ignorance, appear to be the component parts of the character of the lady whose memoirs are here detailed. Little indeed of intellectual enlightenment must have yet reached the generous Vendéans, if such a compound as we have just described, be enabled to stir them up to "sudden floods of mutiny," and cause them thus freely to sacrifice their happiness and their lives for a principle, that they do not understand, and a fidelity that almost disgraces them. From the well-engraved portrait that smiles in the frontispiece, and our physiognomical prejudices, we should



have hoped better of the duchess ; and, from the stern and forbidding countenance of the general who captured her, we should not have been surprised at anything bad. *Le vieux moustache* has certainly a most awful look ; and, we conceive, must appear to much more advantage at the head of a cavalry charge, than at the head of a book. But here again we were deceived in appearances ; though he tells his own story, yet we perceive that he is a very urbane gentleman, energetic in the field, and courtly in the chamber, and he has told his tale right martially and well. It is most interesting on many accounts, and the archness with which the veteran says, that the government of Louis Phillipe was glad of the Chouan troubles, in order to divert the cits of the citizen king from wishing to interfere in the cause of Polish and Roman liberty, on the same principle as giving a man an inflammation of the bowels, in order to prevent him assisting others in pain, is admirable. Was not Caroline's case the very opposite ? and did she not wish to cover her internal, by an external, inflammation ? However, she has covered many before happy places with misery, and herself with an undying ridicule ; and, as the general has pointedly said, "the third act of that drama, which began à la Maria Thérèse, has ended à la Marie Louise." We entreat all who value our recommendation, to read this work attentively ; royalist or republican, they must profit by it. We see little of heroism in the wild undertaking here recorded ; but much of cunning, of rashness, and reliance upon a too generous superstition, and the deferences paid to the privilege of sex. It was evident, from her conversations and her correspondence, though she never hesitated to sacrifice freely the lives of others, that she never feared for her own. She knew that Louis Phillipe dared not put her to death, and consequently, in death she dared to deal as largely as the infatuation of her followers would permit. This is not true courage. When the capture was made, and the scene was drawing to a close, the discomposure of the principal actress was truly laughable, not, at the prospects of a long captivity, not, at the idea of a nation's curses and a nation's vengeance, but at the enormity of the fact, that the civilian who had her in charge dared to wear his hat in her presence. "His hat upon his head—his hat upon his head," was the constant exclamation of the criminal (for such, in his eyes, she must have been) to her jailor. The man was certainly somewhat *bêté* in his notions of courtesy ; but the lady had had a right royal education.

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*Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London.* By RICHARD RUSH, Esq. Envoy Extraordinary from the United States. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street ; publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.

This book has had a notoriety, if not a reputation, that we hope, before this, has secured its liberal and spirited publisher from a loss. There is a class of readers who delight in minuteness of detail—this volume must be a treasure to them. How satisfactory it must be to know that, when Mr. Rush left the American shores, the anchor of the ship of which he was on board was hove up, previously to sailing, to the sound of music. This must, of course, be highly interesting, as it happened so far off ; but we have the climax to this sort of style, when the ambassador arrives on our own shores. We are gravely informed, and we will use the envoy extraordinary's own words, that "approaching Portsmouth we passed numerous vessels of war—some were lying in ordinary, some ready for sea. There were docks, and arsenals, and store-houses, and batteries, and fortifications." Is not this astounding intelligence ? Pity it is, that the minister had not visited Covent Garden

market, or, having visited, that he has not described it. Had he so done, we presume the description (keeping our eye upon what we have just quoted) would have run somewhat thus: "When we came to Covent Garden, we passed numerous stands for the sale of vegetables. There were several basket women, some employed and some unemployed. There were apples, and pears, and potatoes, and cauliflowers, and some cabbage stalks." Oh! this is the easy writing, the hardness of reading which has been so bitterly complained of. We do not mean to say that all, or even a major part, is written in this peculiarly easy style; but still the book takes a character from it. Mr. Rush seems to have walked about town clad in a mantle of diplomatic amiability, with a smile for every thing, and a stare of wonder, not a little pleasant, at many things. It has been said in its praise, by a very influential journal, that it shows the manners of the official circles, and of the higher classes. Small praise this, when the most *fade* of the fashionable novels gives us pictures of the same things, infinitely more graphic. It is a fact, that, startled into curiosity by the loud note of preparation, being biassed by the favourable reviews that we had seen of this work, and having great reliance upon the tact of the very clever publisher, we sat down to the book as to a mental treat, with the full determination to be pleased. Our previous remarks will make the reader understand that we were bitterly disappointed; and we felt our disappointment to be the more galling, as we have a high opinion of the American character, and we have at times been ostentatiously loud in its praise. But, perhaps, even in the instance of sending us Mr. Rush as an envoy extraordinary, our transatlantic brethren were actuated by a refined policy. Diamond cut diamond. Among that acute nation, the officials want all the talent at home. Must it not then have been an elegant piece of cajolery to have sent to our ministers one so exceedingly suitable to them, one so decidedly on their own level? As ambassadors go, Mr. Rush made a very respectable ambassador indeed—but—why did he write a book?

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*The Amulet*, for 1834. Edited by S. C. HALL. Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis, Stationers' Court.

This year's *Amulet* is neither better nor worse than its predecessors: and saying this, all who know how good this publication has generally been, must be aware that this is no faint praise. The pictorial part is this year very superior. As to the letter-press, *Arasmanes*, the death of the Stag, and the Eagle, seems to us to be among the best. There are a few excellent lines by Leigh Hunt. When will the world hold that author in proper estimation? Notwithstanding the general superiority that marks the pages of this popular annual, there are one or two pieces that we think can admit of no higher praise than that of being respectable; and we particularly object to some rhymes, by Miss Pardoe, entitled *Donna Maria*, as being very trashy, and entirely made up of the glittering common-places with which modern composition is so prone to deck itself. Little indeed have the verses to do with *Donna Maria*. It is certainly an ungracious task, that of reprehension, in the present instance; but even the most talented of us, and we may reckon the editor among the number, require now and then to be admonished, lest we should begin to think that criticism means undistinguished praise. With the exception of this, and perhaps one or two more failures, which we may be permitted to look upon as a foil to the other talented and spirited performances, we pronounce that this elegant and highly-embellished volume is a great ornament to the drawing-room table, and constitutes a rich and intellectual present.

Nov. 1833.—VOL. VIII.—NO. XXXI.

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*The Oriental Annual; or Scenes in India.* Comprising Twenty-five Engravings from original Drawings, by WILLIAM DANIEL, R.A., and a descriptive Account by the REV. ROBERT CAUNTER, B.D. Edward Bull, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

We certainly think this to be the most gorgeous of the Annuals. It is got up in a style of Oriental magnificence. As we turn over the pages, the eye is struck with Indian scenery and Indian architecture, alike novel, grand, and impressive. What is so ably delineated by the artist, and so exquisitely copied by the engraver, is eloquently explained by the verbal description of the gentleman who has so well edited this splendid Annual. But Annual is a bad term by which to designate this work. It is a perennial. We can see but one little objection to it. We are assured that it will grow into popularity, and come into very common use. Such being the case, we think it got up in a manner almost too costly, excepting for the very affluent. We are sure that a cheaper edition, as to gilding and binding, is no more than it deserves, and with which the less wealthy part of the public ought to be gratified. The frontispiece of this work is replete with beauty and grace, and is, as a piece of art, quite a specimen of a judicious management of light and shadow. Many of the architectural views exhibit great taste, and are evidently stupendous edifices. The country that this book so well illustrates is one full of wonder, and instigates the contemplative mind to deep reflection. Nature, in all her aspects, appears there clothed in such awful magnificence, whilst the native that wanders over the majestic country she is so prodigal to adorn, seems, in comparison with all around him, to be little better than a miserable creeping animal, to whom one would think that the earth that bears him would disdain to afford a grave. May European civilization speedily lift him into a state of feeling and importance, more worthy of his delightful country!

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*Biometer, or Moral Watch; serving to denote the number of hours devoted every day to each of the divisions of private and external life, for the year 1834.* MARC-ANTOINE JULIEN, de Paris, Chevalier de Legion d'Honneur. Bossange, Barthes, and Lowell, Great Marlborough Street.

Machinery is the economy of labour, and much care and skill have been employed in the endeavour to perfect it; yet time, the aliment of man's moral existence, has had, at least not to our knowledge, until now, no mechanical invention to direct its division, and ensure its preservation as regards the economy of thought, and the extracting of the most enjoyment and utility from the least given duration. M. St. Julien has supplied this deficiency. The description of his method would appear intricate to the reader, though it is perfectly clear and simple on examination. We do not hesitate to say, that a person constantly using the Biometer, would prolong his life; and we use the term *life* in contradistinction to existence. Time is similar to money—in skilful hands it may be made to go very far—to the improvident, the longevity of the patriarchal age would be insufficient to any good purpose. We certainly recommend this contrivance: to the active, because with scarcely any trouble they will preserve to themselves a record that must, at all times, bring its own pleasant and flattering reward; but still more to the indolent, as we are certain that it would soon eradicate from them the pernicious habits of idleness, destroy ennui, and offer them new and invigorating fields of happiness.

We may as well take this opportunity to mention, that the same au-



thor has recently published a letter to the English nation, that breathes the purest spirit of philanthropy, and makes an appeal to the amiability of our feelings, that is at once complimentary to us, and honourable to the writer. We cordially acquiesce in the views expressed by St. Julien in the verses that conclude "The Homage of a French Traveller to England:"—

"Tels seront tes destins, magnanime ANGLETERRE,  
Appelée à servir de modèle à la terre;  
Et la FRANCE, ta sœur, fière de tes succès,  
Comme toi, de ses fils prodiguant les bienfaits,  
L'une et l'autre à la fois enrichirez le monde:  
De vos communs travaux l'influence féconde  
De la famille humaine accomplira les vœux,  
Et de votre union cimentera les nœuds."

We also understand that the talented author is about to establish at Paris a Cosmopolite review, in which he wishes to spread the principles of benevolence among all the sons of the human race. The scheme appears at first sight visionary; but it is the repetition of generous attempts like these, though they may appear to be, individually, unsuccessful, that work, in the end, considerable good. May M. St. Julien have more than the usual success attending such projects!

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*Excursions in India, including a Walk over the Himalaya Mountains to the Sources of the Jumna and Ganges.* CAPTAIN THOMAS SKINNER, Thirty-first Regiment. 2 vols. Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street. Second Edition.

What a pleasant, easy title! A walk over the highest mountains in the world! To we of Cockaigne, to whom the extent of Primrose Hill is an Herculean expedition, what an awful idea does such a walker present! Truly, the captain is mighty on his feet, and his hand has a very pleasant knack of communicating the exploits of his members below. The periodicals have already too much rejoiced in the panegyrics the first edition so universally produced, to leave us much to say on the subject. Reading these travels, we feel assured that the pictures they represent are painted truly, because they are painted well. There is no effort apparent, yet the effect is vivid, in no common degree. Captain Skinner is not a man who will travel from Dan to Beersheba, or to any where else, and find all vanity and vexation of spirit. On the contrary, he takes very cheerfully what nature offers, and finds her a most bountiful bestower. How animating are his descriptions of men, manners, and things! After the perusal, we feel ourselves no longer strange to the East. And then, we have so much pleasant humour creeping at all times, (if we may use the expression,) beneath the surface of the narrative. The captain is pleasant, exceedingly, on the plains, but when he ascends the high places of the earth he becomes at times magnificent, as he details to us what is so well expressed in the quotation of the title-page—descriptions

"——— Of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n."

How joyous must have been his sensations, after escaping from the vast frying-pan of Hindostan, when he walked in an English climate, under the tropic, among gooseberries and currants, and wantoned in refreshing beds of primroses, violets, and cowslips! As this work has already become so great a favourite, we will pause no longer over our pleasing task of praise, but dismiss it to the fame that it has acquired so deservedly.

*Memoirs of the Imprisonment of Silvio Pellico da Saluzzo. Translated from the Italian.* By ROBERT ROSCOE. Whitaker, Treacher, and Arnot, Ave Maria Lane.

Our best notice of this work would be to quote the whole of the "preliminary view;" but it is too long for our limits, and we can only refer it to the reader's particular attention. These memoirs should be read by every Englishman. It cannot be a pleasure, but it is a duty. We believe the Emperor of Austria to be, individually, a kind and humane man. But he is the centre wheel that works the vast machine of tyranny, and becomes, in despite of his better nature, unconsciously a tyrant. But opposing principles have taken the field—the war-cry is certainly not yet loud, but it is daily increasing, both in volume and strength, and its echoes will soon reverberate to the most remote corner of Europe. Not that we are at all opposed to the monarchical form of government; we hold it to be, for ancient countries, by far the best; but it should be so tempered by liberal institutions, and conformed to the spirit of the age, that its authority should be felt only as a blessing, and revered only because it is useful. How like to this the despotisms in Germany are, these interesting memoirs will show. We think that they are told with a little too much egotism, and with too much of affectation. However, all this we freely pardon for the sake of the *exposé*. We have room for no further comment; but conclude with a hope, that the lapse of time will not permit the interest of this book to decline, and that it may continue to be read in order to make us thankful for our own institutions, and to spur us on to endeavour to ameliorate those of other countries, by the expression of our opinion at every fitting opportunity.

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*Friendship's Offering, and Winter's Wreath; a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1834.* Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill.

Rich in cover, and exquisite in type, this Annual has a well-founded claim to patronage. As in these elegancies the illustrations are usually the first attractions that are sought for, we shall proceed to remark upon them. The frontispiece is a fine design, finely engraved; though we do not patronize strong terms, or technical slang, yet we will, speaking of this plate, say, that the effect of the lady's drapery is "magical." We shall not use the word again for some time without something as good offers—of which we doubt. We like "First Love," better than "Innocence," which certainly reads very oddly. The plate of "Venus and Æneas, on the shores of Carthage, from a painting by Martin, is grandeur in an epitome. The "Lady Isabel," is given in an elegant and chaste style: "The Albanian," is the very poetry of delineation; and, the "Chieftain's Daughter," decidedly a failure. The painter is not to blame; the fault lays entirely with the engraver. The lady appears to be deeply marked with the small-pox—the effect of an unpardonable coarseness of handling. "Francesca" is but a cloudy affair, much spotted, and gives but a faint idea of Jackson's beautiful picture. The "Gondola," and the "Absent," make, however, ample amends for what we conceive to be failures. The contributions, that are selected from the pens of the best writers of the day, could hardly be better. At first, we were about to distinguish one or two pieces, for superior excellence, but, where all are so good, the act might fairly be deemed somewhat invidious. The work is dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty, and, taken all in all, we must say is an offering worthy to be laid at a Queen's feet, to use the style dedicatory—and to grace her royal hand, to use the style of sincerity.

*The Bath and Bristol Magazine; or Western Miscellany.* Vol. II. 1833. All Booksellers at Bath; Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly, London.

We have been much gratified with the strong and healthy look of our provincial brother. A little too grave and sedate perhaps, but abounding in rare and striking qualities. Very many of the papers that this miscellany contains, are of first-rate excellence. There is also much that is philosophical and scientific; and, we hesitate not to say, that it deserves not only local support, but general patronage. The biographical sketches are uniformly well written; and, as they celebrate many valuable lives, the memory of which would be else lost to the world, they do a real justice to merit, and thus, in many instances, effect a moral good. May this periodical continue and prosper; for really its prosperity must reflect credit on the west.

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*Poor Laws and Paupers illustrated.* No. II. *The Hamlets, a Tale. Illustrations of Political Economy.* No. XXI. *A Tale of the Tyne.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Charles Fox, 67, Paternoster Row.

In the former of these tales we find the most clear and forcible exposition of the manner in which the poor laws should be administered, combined with the most tedious and prolix detail of minor matters, that it has yet been our fortune to meet in the works of this very graphic authoress. Nothing can be sounder than the principles laid down, and hardly any thing more tedious than the narrative. Miss Martineau is certainly a great instructress, generally a pleasing one, and seems to possess a knowledge, almost unbounded, of all the different gradations of English life. We trust that every overseer of the poor will make himself acquainted with the tale of the Hamlets, and put in practice the instructions that it so forcibly conveys. Food for all, but food with labour, for all who can work, and no relief out of the workhouse, should be the actuating principles. Make the situation of the relief receivers irksome, and none who can do without parochial assistance will ever be induced to receive it. Let such a system be universally and unflinchingly followed, and the poor-rates throughout the country would cease to be a burthen. We now come to the "*Tale of the Tyne*," which is much more interesting to seekers for amusement, than is its predecessor. There are in this narrative three privileged absurdities attacked. The monopoly and waste of youth and labour caused by apprenticeships, the still more enfeebling monopoly of corporate bodies, and the injustice of impressment. All these grievances are painted in strong and startling colours, and the logic that accompanies these *exposés*, is as irrefutable, as is the vividness of the descriptions of the miseries that such remnants of barbarism entail upon individuals, and the detriment suffered by the community at large. These and similar publications are working a slow yet certain revolution in the ideas and prepossessions of all classes, and working, we firmly believe, an incalculable good. In some few matters, the authoress may have misconceived as to details, and may wish to precipitate too many improvements, for which society is not yet ripe; but the general tendency of her writings is as excellent as the success of the measures they advocate will be ultimately triumphant. She appears to be indefatigable in a good cause, and to have a wonderful power of ubiquity in her descriptions, and seems equally at home with the pearl divers in the eastern seas, and the extricators of the more useful black diamonds from our Northumberland mines. It is a pity that all her characters dogmatize too much,



for the lowest, equally with the highest, seem to be intuitive political economists. Such universality of sententiousness destroys much of the dialectic interest of her tales; and in these that we have just noticed, we do not find this fault much diminished. But, as we doubt not that this will be, in a few generations, quite characteristic in England, we ought not to carp at the lady anticipating what her writings are so mainly contributing to effect.

*The Juvenile Forget Me Not for 1834.* Edited by Mrs. S. C. HALL, Ackerman and Co. Strand.

It is a pleasing contemplation to observe the talent of the day uniting to contribute to the amusement, and to forward the instruction, of those embryo ladies and gentlemen who are so soon to succeed to ourselves in playing the difficult and dangerous game of life. Mrs. Hall, herself a lady of acknowledged abilities, has gathered round her those writers that must ensure to her undertaking a brilliant success. Mrs. Hemans has a sweet little ode to the "Bird at Sea." Mrs. Hall has not contributed enough. The account of the hailstones is both interesting and impressive; and the Rev. Mr. Walsh has taken a pleasing and proper method to awaken the precious sensations of infant piety. As to "What does it matter?" we think that it would not have mattered much had it been omitted. It has a bread-and-milk sort of flavour, and smells of the nursery. It is too childish. A little master or miss of ten years of age would toss it by with contempt. Let us treat our young friends as much as possible like men and women, and, depend upon it, they will act up to that treatment. The engravings throughout are appropriate and well executed. "Goody Two Shoes" we admire particularly. Altogether, the affair is as elegant as it is useful; and we trust that our juvenile friends will deserve the munificence of their seniors, and that they will prove it also, each by receiving one of Mrs. Hall's beautiful Forget Me Nots.

*Family Classical Library.* No. XLVI. *Livy.* Translated by GEORGE BAKER, A.M. A. J. Valpy, Red Lion Court.

This volume contains three books of Livy's History of Rome, and, we have no doubt, must be very acceptable to the mere English reader. The style of the translation is concise, lucid, and forcible. We can hardly conceive that the translation of any ancient work can be more interesting than the one before us. Modern improvements in all the arts and sciences, political economy, and the new discoveries that are rising around us so rapidly, will soon, we venture to foretell, give but little time to the future students to acquire much of the dead languages. It will then be no reproach to the well educated gentleman to be unacquainted with Greek or Latin. The knowledge contained in the modern languages will be then found the most necessary to be acquired; and as the duration of life is, at the best, not too long, and that part of it which we are enabled to devote to study, much too short, the ancient languages must necessarily fall more and more into desuetude; and when the period comes, when society will think it ridiculous for its most influential members to devote seven years of the springtide of life to the acquirement "of little Latin and less Greek;" when that time arrives, and arrive it speedily will, how valuable will become the volumes of the Family Classical Library! Not to know the principal facts that they contain will always be a disgrace—not to have known them from their original authors will soon be a disgrace no longer. As this work must daily rise in estimation and utility, we need not express any doubts as to the deserved reward its spirited promoters will assuredly secure both in fame and profit.

*Landscape Annual. The Tourist in France.* By THOMAS ROSCOE, illustrated from Drawings, by J. D. HARDING. Jennings and Chaplin, 62, Cheapside.

When among the Annuals, so many excel, it is hard to award the preference to any one in particular. Each, as far as we have observed, is, in its own peculiar walk, very beautiful to look at, very enticing to purchase, and very amusing to read. When we consider the elegance of the getting up of this work, the beauties of the views that it contains, and the elaborate and spirited engravings that convey them, twenty-six in number, we consider the whole affair as a miracle of cheapness. Though cheap to buy, it ought not to be held cheaply in estimation. Independently of its embellishments, it has an intrinsic value in the richness of its letter-press compositions. It would make a sensible, as well as an elegant present, and would be highly complimentary to the mind of the receiver, as it must presume a cultivated intellect to ensure the full enjoyment of the excellencies with which it abounds. To make this tour with the elegant author, is to enrich the memory with sweet scenes, on which the future mind, when oppressed by cares, may fall back with pleasure, and a stock of happy recollections be laid up for solace in the wearying hour of solitude or of sickness.

*The Cook and Housewife's Manual; a Practical System of Modern Domestic Cookery, and Family Management.* By MISTRESS MARGARET DODS, of the Cleikam Inn, St. Ronan's. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

This book, that will teach us to dish up well, is well dished up itself. It is something more than a mere treatise on gastronomy. It makes the mouth water, it is true; but that is not all—the understanding is also tickled as well as the palate. The useful and the agreeable is well combined. But that is but meagre praise, when the useful itself is so agreeable. O Margaret Dods! if it should ever be our fate—an author's too often—to be hopelessly hungry, may we never think of you and your inimitable recipes. We think that we could starve to death with tolerable decency; but in the process, to undergo the visions and savoury recollections of all your inestimable devices, would be a death of unheard-of torture, far worse than that invented by Phalaris. The sufferings of Tantalus would be but as a scratched finger. We find just now such an oral liquefaction, that we really can write no more upon this subject; let all get the book, and mark if we have not justly and feelingly written.

*Translations of the Oxford and Cambridge Latin Prize Poems.* Second Series. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. London.

We presume, by the evidence of the dedication to Lord Grenville, that these poems have been translated by Mr. Torre. Of the fidelity to the originals we cannot speak, as the Latin text is not given to us, but of their intrinsic excellence we can. The versification is, throughout, exceedingly harmonious; and as the subjects, though something *usés*, are well chosen, we have a very elegant and poetical volume produced. This book must be a very flattering compliment to the original authors; and we observe, by the number of very honourable and distinguished names that compose the list of subscribers, that it does not lack a deserved patronage. We think it our duty to make it more generally known, and we doubt not that when it becomes so, it will be as generally liked.

*Memoirs of the Life of the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta.* By the Rev. GEORGE BONNER, L.L.B. H. Davies, Montpelier Library, Cheltenham; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

An unostentatious, well written, biographical sketch of a man loved by so many, and honoured by all. We hope that it may become popular, not to the substitution of it for the widow's more voluminous work, but as an incitement to make her book more sought after. We wish this work to be generally read, that all may observe what a splendid career is that of philanthropy and brotherly love, what glory there is in true Christian humility, and how inferior are the triumphs of the sword, even in this mistaken world, to those of the Word. We do not object to the universal panegyrical tone of this small volume, we feel that it was deserved; but yet, had we seen in it some one touch that proved him still to be our fellow man, we think that the effect of the praise would have been greater, and that there would have been less chance of calling the biographer's sincerity in question by the sceptical or the malevolent.

*The Album Wreath, or Bijou Literaire. Dedicated to the Queen.* London: De la Rue, James and Rudd. All Booksellers.

This is an excellent idea. It would take pages to describe the elegant adornments and the peculiarly felicitous manner in which this album is got up, ready to the hand, without undergoing the servility of entreaty to some blockhead to scribble his nonsensical rhymes, or to some talented young lady to plaster masses of sap green upon your pages, and leave it to the imagination to discover for what they could have been possibly intended. We shall no longer dread to look into an album. We should presume that the appearance of this one will cause many a book that boasted the name of album heretofore, to perform the Indian rite of the suttee. Great, we conceive, will be the conflagration in May-Fair, for who would own a scribbled and daubed thing, when they could purchase a drawing-room appendage so elegant as this? We have one fault to find—its appearing like a highland chieftain with its tail on, in the shape of a string of advertisements. What, in the name of all that's beautiful, has Warren's jet blacking to do with music, poetry, and design? It has no business in the boudoir, except upon shoes masculine, and hardly then.

*The Young Groom's Guide, and Valet's Directory.* By JEREMIAH WEEK. Sampson Low, 42, Lamb's Conduit Street.

It may be asked, why do we notice a work like this, of so little pretension? We reply, on account of its utility. If gentlemen bought it and put it into the hands of their grooms and valets, they would administer largely to their own luxury, (and what luxury is more refined than that of being well attended?) and to the intelligence and comfort of those whose duty it is to wait upon them. A groom, with this book in his possession, could hardly have any excuse either for negligence or ignorance; and he would add much to his value, and subsequently to the independence of his character, and his own happiness, by a diligent study of the instructions it contains. If we all did our duty in our respective stations, it would be a happy world; but a duty must be fully known, before it can be efficiently performed. And, surely, some thanks are due to an individual, however humble, who enlightens so large a portion of our community as valets and grooms compose, and thus, indirectly, contributes so much to the general happiness.



*Rejected Addresses; or the New Theatrum Poetarum.* Eighteenth Edition. John Murray, Albemarle Street.

A very pleasing preface ushers in this eighteenth edition; and if it be pleasing to the public, it ought to be no less instructive to the publishing fraternity. To say any thing of addresses that have become familiar almost as "household words," would be, on our part, entirely superfluous; but we cannot help making a remark or two upon the unwilling commendations that were wrung from the critics, contemporary with the time of their publication. We boldly assert, that not one of them have done these *jeu d'esprits* ample, or any thing approaching to, justice. To imitate so completely as these mellifluous mock-birds have done, shows a talent equal to rival as well as to parody. They verify forcibly Buonaparte's aphorism, that it is but a step from the ridiculous to the sublime. We hold that the Smiths were once capable of taking that step; but perhaps, had they done so, they would have but stepped from the threshold of fame into the fog of obscurity; and considering the taste of the present times, they do well to found their claims to a modern immortality upon these witty and elegant trifles.

*The Plays and Poems of Shakespeare, with a Life, Glossarial Notes, and One Hundred and Seventy Illustrations from the Plates in Boydell's Edition.* 15 vols. Edited by A. J. VALPY, A.M. Valpy, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

We have so often reiterated our commendations of this work, that we have nothing farther to add; and can only eke out our notice by making an enumeration of the engravings. The frontispiece is by Westall; Imogen in boy's clothes, is clearly and spiritedly engraved. We have three plates which embellish Antony and Cleopatra, the one elucidating act iv. scene iv. particularly beautiful. And four for Cymbeline, in one of which, scene ii. act ii., there is a great defect (a rare occurrence in this work) of the manner in which the head is placed upon the neck of the fair sleeper. The attitude is altogether distorted. However, ample amends are made for this error, which we suppose originated with the engraver, in the excellency of the other illustrations. All the other accessories of the work continue to be equally good, and such sterling recommendations cannot fail of procuring a commensurate reward.

*Pindar, in English Verse.* By the Rev. HENRY FRANCIS CAREY, A.M. Edward Moxon, Dover Street.

We do not think that any translation of this difficult and erratic author will ever become, with English readers, a general favourite. Laden as the metre must necessarily be, with names difficult to English fluent pronunciation, and unaccustomed to English ears, we must not be surprised at the occasional harshness that meets us in every page of this versification. The abruptness of the transition from one subject to another apparently but little connected with it, must not be looked upon as a fault in Mr. Carey, nor perhaps in his original. But with all these drawbacks, great pleasure is derivable from the perusal of this little book, which may be not inaptly compared to a mass of rough, and often grand, rocks that has ledges of great beauty, caverns that fill us with awe, and patches of garden that are replete with the sweetest flowers, that breathe at once of poetry, of power, and of spring.

*History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern, containing a Description of the Country, &c. &c. &c., with a Comprehensive View of its Natural History.* ANDREW CRICHTON. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London. 2 vols.

We have mental associations of great excellence with the name of Crichton; nor will they be destroyed by a study of this work. A perusal is insufficient. The style of narrative is exceedingly pleasing, perhaps, now and then, a little too colloquial, and the arrangement of the different heads very judicious, which tends much to make the impression upon the memory the more lasting. These volumes are full of romantic and spirit-stirring recitals; and we gain very curious views of the human character, that will not be lost to the philosophic, while it must deeply interest the curious, mind. How beautiful is the description of the phosphorescent appearance of the Red Sea! We wish that we had limits for quotation. But we quote only when we wish to justify a censure, and thus the absence of quotation must be regarded as tacit praise. To youth, we particularly recommend these volumes, and we hope that they will come into general use as school books.

*Valpy's National Gallery of Painting and Sculpture, with a Description of each Subject, and a brief Memoir of the Artist.* Part IV. A. J. Valpy, Red Lion Court.

This number has a very able critique on that beautiful picture by Titian, Bacchus and Ariadne. We recommend it to the notice, not only of the amateur, but of the artist. Indeed, almost all the strictures on the painting would be very orthodox, were they not a little too laudatory; yet, we hardly think that there is sufficient merit meted out to modern artists. To say, that this number is on a par with its predecessors, is bestowing upon it high praise. The sketches of the pictures do not deteriorate, and they serve excellently the purpose for which they were intended.

*The Landscape Album; or Great Britain Illustrated: containing Fifty-Nine Views.* By W. WESTALL, A.R.A. Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

We have always admired the grace with which Mr. Westall clothes his designs; we have them here multiplied and perpetuated by specimens of most excellent engravings. This Album must constitute a very pleasing *delassement*, and one not uninteresting, for there is a great deal of antiquarian research displayed in the descriptions of the scenery, by Thomas Moule, Esq. We should think this work well fitted for continental as well as British circulation, and we recommend it accordingly.

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#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- The Landscape Album, for 1834, 15s.  
 Travels and Researches in Caffraria, &c. By T. Kay. 8vo. 6s.  
 Dufief's French and English Dictionary, 1l. 1s.  
 The Young Disciple. By Mary Paget, 3s.  
 The Naturalist's Poetical Companion, with Notes, 12mo. 5s.  
 Excursions in New South Wales, &c., in the Years 1830-1-2-3, by Lieutenant Breton, R.N. 8vo. plates, 14s.  
 Description of Modern Wines. By Cyrus Redding. 8vo. 18s.

- Squire's Exercises in Greek Verse, 5s. 6d.  
 Squire's Key to Greek Exercises, 12mo. 4s. 6d.  
 Dieffenback's Surgical Observations on the Nose. By T. S. Bushnan. 8vo. 12s.  
 Bloxam's Surgical Anatomy of Hernia, coloured plates, 10s. 6d.  
 Evans's Nine Sermons on the Trinity, preached at Rostrevor, 8vo. 8s.  
 Morgan's House-keeper's Daily Account-Book, 4to. 1s. 9d.  
 Affection's Gift for 1834, 32mo. 3s.  
 The Literary Souvenir, for 1834, 12s. morocco; ditto, large paper, with India proofs, 24s.; illustrations of ditto, imperial 4to. 30s.; ditto, colombier 4to. proofs before letters, 3l. 3s.  
 Heath's Picturesque Annual, for 1834, 21s. morocco; ditto, large paper, with India proofs, 2l. 10s.  
 A Table of the Reciprocal Distances of the Principal Towns in Great Britain and Ireland, on a large sheet, 1s. 6d.  
 Livii Historiarum Libri Quinque Priores, ad 2dam J. Dymock editionem expressi, curavit G. M. Gunn, 12mo. 4s. 6d.  
 Dr. Watts's First Set of Catechisms for Little Children, 3d.  
 Crutwell's House-keeper's Account-book, for 1834, 2s.  
 The Art of Polite Correspondence, English and German. By P. Sadler. 18mo. 6s.  
 Costumes et Mœurs des Italiens, d'après Pinelli, en 50 feuilles, 18mo. 7s. 6d.  
 Stewart's Commentary on the Hebrews, edited by Dr. Henderson, 8vo. 14s.  
 Hansard's Debates, three Sessions, Vol. XVIII. 4th of Session 1833, 8vo. 30s. bds.; 1l. 13s. 6d. hf-mor.  
 The Amulet, for 1834, 12s. mor.; illustrations of ditto, 30s.; ditto before Letters, 2l. 10s.  
 Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1834, 8s.  
 Tales and Romances. By the Author of "Waverley," containing "St. Ronan's Well" to "Woodstock," new edition, 7 vols. 8vo. 4l. 4s.

## LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

G. P. O.

Whereas the following Letter having been put into Box No. 4, Section 6, Department 8, of this office, without any address or superscription whatever,—

Instead of returning the same to the Authors of Rejected Addresses, or of Odes and Addresses to Great People, his Grace the Director General has ordered it to be directed generally to the people of Great Britain, in the hope that some individual of the three kingdoms may lay claim to the epistle according to the letter of the law, or rather the law of the letter.

Copy.

"My dear Sir,

"You are perfectly and nautically right. The COMIC ANNUAL ought certainly to clear out in time for the trade winds to carry it through the Strait of Pater-noster. It is far better, in that latitude, to have a *sale* than to be *rowing*.

"You may safely advertise that the Comic will leave your dock *outward-bound*, on the 1st of November, and if you should call it A 1, it will sound no worse to the 'Subscribers at Lloyd's.' My literary rigging, except a few lines, is all standing, and the blockmakers have done their part. This announcement sounds rather Dibernish, but it will come appropriately from a street that is named after the Fleet.

"With regard to my novel, the shell of 'Tylney Hall' is completed, and the whole building, in one story, is expected to be printed and papered very early in December. You can treat in the meantime with parties who may be disposed to occupy themselves with the premises; and a reading lease for a term of ninety-nine years will not be at all objected to by,

"My dear Sir,

"Yours very truly,

"THOMAS HOOD."

"Lake House, Wanstead, Oct. 1, 1853."

The third, and concluding Volume of Colonel Hodges' Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal, is in a state of great forwardness, and will be published early in the Winter.



A Treatise on Field Fortification, and other subjects connected with the Duties of the Field Engineer. By J. S. Macauley, Captain in the Corps of Royal Engineers. To be illustrated with 12 highly finished plates.

A Grammar of Astronomy, written by Zadkiel the Seer, is in the Press. This work will enable any person understanding common arithmetic, to calculate his own Nativity, and decide for himself, by the modern and improved rules of Astrology, how far that science is true or false. The Author calls upon Men of Science to make the experiment; believing that the character, disposition, fitness for any particular employment, and general destiny, may be foreknown by the simple rules laid down in his work, which have been proved by many years' experience. It contains the Nativity of Lord Byron's Daughter, with the calculations given at length.

Will be published early in November, in 2 vols. 8vo., illustrated by numerous fac-simile Engravings on Steel and Wood, Roman Coins: from the earliest period of the Roman Coinage to the extinction of the Empire under Constantine Paleologos. With Observations on some of the most remarkable, and Notices of the Prices at which the rarest Coins have been sold during the last Thirty Years. By John Y. Akerman. This Work will contain accurate descriptions of several thousand Coins struck during the Republic and the Empire of the Romans, and will be extensively Illustrated by Engravings, executed in the first style of the Art, from the Originals in the British Museum and in the Cabinet of the Bibliothèque du Roi in Paris, as well as from those in several valuable private Collections in this and other countries. The unique specimens are numerous; and their authenticity has been attested by the most experienced Numismatists. A very limited number of copies will be printed in Royal 8vo. with Proof Impressions of the plates on India paper, for which early applications will be necessary. Those gentlemen who may desire to become Subscribers, may have their names inserted in the list, on application to the publisher, Mr. Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange, London: or through the medium of their respective Booksellers. Agent for Ireland, F. W. Wakeman, Dublin. For Scotland, Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh.

The Family Chaucer. "A new edition of the "Father of English Poetry" is preparing for the press, in which the objectionable tales will be omitted; the orthography will be modernised, the rythmical accentuations will be denoted; an index of meanings of the obsolete words will accompany each page; together with explanatory and illustrative notes of the obscure passages. By Charles Cowden Clarke.

The author of the *Mechanic's Saturday Night* has in the press a poem entitled *Saint Monday*.

The second volume of the work, by the author of *Corn Law Rhymes*, will appear in the month of November.

To meet the wishes of a considerable number of the intelligent but poorer classes of the community, the Proprietors of "*Cuvier's Animal Kingdom*" have prepared a cheap edition of that great work, now publishing, with coloured plates. The cheap edition will consist of exactly the same paper and type; it will also contain the full complement of plates, (five hundred,) but they will be uncoloured. Price 6d. To be published weekly.

An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Augustan Age, their Architectural Disposition and Enrichments, and the Remains of Roman Domestic Edifices discovered in Great Britain. By Thomas Moule. In One Volume, demy 8vo.

The Doctor, &c. In 2 vols.

Mr. Curtis is preparing for publication a New Map of the Eye, after the manner of the Germans; also a Synoptical Chart of the various Diseases of the Eye, with their order, classification, seat, symptoms, causes, and treatment, intended as companions to his Map and Chart of the Ear.

Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, with Notes and Illustrations. Not by the Editor of Captain Rock's Memoirs.

The Magazine of Botany and Gardening, British and Foreign. Edited by J. Rennie, M. A., Professor of Natural History, King's College, London; assisted by some of the most eminent Botanists in Europe. Each Number will contain Eight Plates of the most rare and valuable Specimens of Plants, executed by an eminent Artist, and coloured from Nature. Also, Sixteen quarto pages of Original Matter.

The Encyclopædia of Romance; consisting of Original Novels, Romances, and Tales. Conducted by the Rev. Henry Martin-au.

The Mother's Oracle, for the Healthful and Proper Rearing of Infancy.

On the 1st of November will be published, in demy 8vo., printed entirely with Type cast expressly for the Work, the first Number of "Miller's Gardeners' Dictionary, Revised."

Sir Richard Phillips' Dictionary of all the Arts of Civilized Life, explanatory of Useful Processes, Manipulations, and Operations, according to the latest Discoveries, will appear in a few days.

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## FINE ARTS.

### *Exhibition of the British Artists, at the Suffolk Street Gallery.*

The winter exhibition of this Society is now open. It is one of great interest. The works of the living artists are blended with those of the men who shone as the lights of the last and previous generations; and we do not think that the moderns suffer by the presence of those who may be almost called ancients. The country is much indebted to the spirit of independence, and the honest glow of conscious merit, that first gave birth to this prospering society. Every improvement in the fine arts, every good perpetuated idea, and every picture that is above mediocrity, is one more barrier placed against the return to barbarism. We have already espoused the cause, and done our best to forward the interests of this society; and we are most happy to perceive, by the progressive improvement of its exhibitions, that it would honour any patronage, and will ultimately be as glorious to the national reputation for taste, as advantageous to its very talented members. It shall be our office, in our next number, to go into the detail of those works that we think the most deserving of notice; and we can assure our readers, that there are very many that come under that description.

### *Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Part II.* Charles Tilt, Fleet Street.

This number opens with a view of the Rhymer's Tower, a very wild-looking ruin—too desolate almost for romance. It is well engraved, with the exception of here and there a spot in the foreground. Of Roslin Castle, by Turner, R.A., we have not much to say; half of the plate seems unfinished. Braid Hills, by Calcott, R.A., is a beautiful and extensive view, the perspective, both aerial and terrestrial, exquisitely managed. It has our entire approbation. The Bay of Bracklin, engraved by Cooke, from a sketch by Skeene, is a view of great interest; and even in its miniature proportions, it almost makes the mind recoil to look at it suspended in mid air, like a feeble thread, from one lofty clift to the other, over the dark chasm and the boiling flood. It would make an admirable scene for a theatre. Matilda, from the pencil of Mrs. Carpenter, is a profile full of power and sensibility. The hair is tastefully arranged, and very clearly engraved. Hollis has done ample justice to his subject. On the whole, we pronounce this number to be good, though we certainly have seen better; but trying any one number of this spirited undertaking by a jury of its peers, is to put it to a very severe ordeal; but we should be sorry to have to compare it with any publications less excellent.

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## THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

POLITICAL events have had an unusual influence upon commercial transactions since our last report, and, according to present appearances, are likely to have a much more important effect upon them; and the general excitement, that has prevailed in many instances, is turned into gloom and despondency. In the present article it will be necessary to enter upon isolated details to show the general state of commercial affairs. If we look at the East and West Indian produce markets, indigo, dye-woods, drugs, and many other articles of merchandize, we find that the recent animation has passed away. Holders are not inclined to sell under the late advance, and purchasers expect to buy much cheaper, so that

these markets are in fact in abeyance. Oils have experienced an average decline of upwards of 50 per cent. within the last two months ; and those branches of commerce, in which the speculators for a rise have of late been more immediately concerned, are becoming languid ; we allude more particularly to cotton, tallow, and wool. The first of these articles has circumstances connected with it which have a strong tendency to render it buoyant. To these circumstances we have before had occasion especially to allude, but even they have not prevented comparative languor occurring in it. The speculation in tallow is not only important in itself, but is likewise so from the circumstances that may be deduced from it, and shows a close connexion between that operation and the prosperity-evidence men, who were called before the Committee of the House of Commons, which sat last session upon the Commercial Affairs of the empire.

We will here digress for a moment to observe, that however high in commercial station individuals may be, we will never swerve from what we believe to be the strict line of our duty to propitiate any one. We know that the admonitions of the press, with regard to the excitement that was going on about three months since, were gall and worm-worm to many men in the City who carry their heads very high ; and we also know that there is not an intrinsically respectable man there, who, looking at the remarks simultaneously brought to bear against the madness of the moment, did not regard them as a most salutary caution. If depression have, in a degree, succeeded excitement, we are satisfied that it is much safer such should be the case, in the existing circumstances of the country, than a continuance of speculation, loosely founded. The efforts of the press had already checked that speculation ; political events have in many instances converted it into depression. Be it so. We always lament commercial depression, but we much more lament excitement based upon fallacious prospects. But to return. The projectors of the tallow speculation have been talking about short stocks on hand here, and short supplies from Russia ; when, in fact, all the details connected with these statements went to prove that the reverse was the case ; and now that we have the returns before us, it appears that there is every probability of the stock on hand next January being nearly double what it was in the corresponding month of the last year, and the price at that period will be nearer 40*s.* than 60*s.* which was the quotation fixed by the speculators. This bubble has completely burst. If it had not, the consumers of tallow would have had to pay an advanced price of 30 to 40 per cent. And now let us for a moment turn to the testimony to which we have alluded, as given before the Committee of the House of Commons, and ask ourselves whether that testimony in the *prosperous* instances must not be taken with great caution. Men are called to give evidence as being well versed in the subject under investigation, and so they may be ; but there is another important inquiry—how does their private interest bias them ? We will put an hypothetical case, and imagine that a large operator in the tallow speculation then about to take place were examined ; what would be his opinion as to the prospects of trade ? Why, of course, that there could be no end to their prosperity, and every thing would improve. It is these points that the public should consider, and it is by closely examining the various circumstances that are likely to influence the mind of a man giving evidence upon so extensive a subject as the commercial affairs of this vast empire, that the accuracy of such evidence can be ascertained. Wool is another branch of commerce, from whence the expiring embers of the late excitement issue. The Weyhill fair was made a stalking-horse for the advance of prices, and the speculators for a rise in this market asserted that this value would be fixed at 25 per cent. higher for the winter, at this great mart for agricultural produce. And what has been the consequence ? Why, that the



dupes of these groundless assertions have bought largely at high quotations, and now that the fair has passed off at steady but not advancing prices, they are left with heavy stocks, which they can only convert into money at a severe sacrifice. The activity that occurred three months since in East and West Indian produce was far beyond the necessity of the case, and the natural consequence of that is, depression. It is no use blinking the question; if trade is unnaturally forced in one quarter, it will sink in the next, and the present depression is extensively assisted by the foreign relations of the country. The affairs of the Netherlands and Portugal are as unsettled as ever as to any ultimate object, whilst the present position of Spain is exciting intense interest among commercialists as well as politicians. We believe that manufacturers, in all fabrics, are acting with due caution at present, and the existing state of the colonial relations of the country, which we have had occasion before to refer to, render that caution highly necessary, independent of the uncertainty that hangs over foreign politics. The recent communications from Calcutta prove the necessity of prudence in sending out goods to that Presidency, since the shock that commercial confidence has experienced. Our latest advices lead us to the expectation that confidence is reviving there, but the destruction that the late failures have produced has rendered large consumers of manufactured goods incapable of purchasing. Many individuals have been reduced from affluence to penury, and the ramifications of this extensive distress must sensibly affect consumption. The letters from the West Indian islands urge, in very positive terms, shippers of goods here to wait for events, and observe cautiously how the new system works, before they send out large quantities to the colonies, because under the present circumstances masters will not, and negroes cannot, purchase; and if the exports to the West Indies are large, the stores there must be overloaded. In addition to these dependencies as defaulters, for the present at least, in the consumption of European produce, Canada must be taken. The number of emigrants this year, as compared with last, is less by 28,000, and the late failures in Quebec will have a material effect upon trade in that city and other parts of Canada. Under all the circumstances we have enumerated, we cannot lament the present depression, because, if it had not occurred now, a panic would probably have been the consequence at a future period.

# PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Friday, 25th of October.

## ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 207, 8.—India Do., 238, 9.—Consols, 87 one-quarter.—Ditto Account, 87 one-quarter.—Reduced, 86 half, five-eighths.—Three and a Half Per Cents, 94 half.—New Three and a Half Do., 95 one-quarter.—Four Per Cents, 100 three-quarters, one-quarter.—Exchequer Bills, 34, 6.—India Bonds, 19, 21.

## FOREIGN STOCKS.

Belgian Bonds, 93 half, 4.—Brazil, 66 half.—Columbian, 21, three-quarters, 2.—Chilian, 23, 5.—Danish, 72 one-quarter, 3.—Dutch 91

three-quarters, 2.—Ditto, Two and a Half Per Cents, 48 three-quarters, 9.—Greek, 24, 6.—Mexican, 33 half, 4.—Portuguese, 71 three-quarters, 2 one-quarter.—Regency Stock, 58 half.—Russian, 101 half, 2.—Spanish, 21 three-quarters, 2 one-quarter.

## SHARES.

Brazil Mines, 57, 8.—British Iron, 27 half.—Canada, 50, 2.—General Steam Navigation, 12 half, 13.—Irish Provincial Bank, 38 half, 9.—Anglo-Mexican, 14, 16.—Real Del Monte, 60.

**THE MONEY MARKET REPORT.**—The state of the money market has been purely artificial for some time, and when it has not been supported by large capitalists who are going for the rise, it has regularly given way within the last month. At present, under the impression that the Dutch and Belgian negotiations will be renewed, there is a disposition in public securities to advance, but more in consequence of the increased support they receive from the speculators for an improvement when any political event favours their operations. The rise in Spanish Bonds has not been at all equal to what was anticipated upon the change of affairs in that country. The instalments upon Portuguese Scrip are now all paid, and it is called Regency Bonds. The Share market is quite neglected, and prices in it merely nominal.

## BANKRUPTS.

FROM SEPTEMBER 24, TO OCTOBER 18, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

*Sept. 24.*—C. Hamond, Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars Road, Italian-warehouseman.—J. Cornes, jun., Nantwich, Cheshire, timber-merchant.—E. Emerson and B. Fenwick, Stella, Durham, and Newcastle upon-Tyne, iron-founders.—T. Dodd, Coventry, riband-manufacturer.

*Sept. 27.*—D. Cockerill, Edmonton, cattle-dealer.—W. Neville, Birmingham, merchant.—H. Latham and R. Thomas, Chester, iron-mongers.—J. Hilton, Cumberland Place, New Road, grocer.

*Oct. 1.*—E. Whelpdale, Marylebone Lane, victualler.—T. Wheller, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, tailor.—J. Q. Rumball, Melina Place, St. John's Wood, Marylebone, surgeon.—J. Chapman, Liverpool, hosier.—W. Thompson, Morpeth, Northumberland, wine merchant.—J. Brodrick, Plymouth, merchant.—T. Haywood, Manchester, upholsterer.—G. Blatherwick, Nottingham, joiner.—J. Best, Pickering, Yorkshire, corn factor.—R. W. Joseph and John Fletcher, Walsall, Staffordshire, merchants.—G. Clarke, Ashton-under-Line, ironfounder.

*Oct. 4.*—C. Burrell, Northumberland Place, Commercial Road, cheesemonger.—J. Cecil, Upper Thames Street, leather seller.—C. Waud, New Bond Street, cook.—S. Phillips, Russell Street, Bermondsey, furrier.

*Oct. 7.*—W. Croggon, sen., Belvedere Road, Lambeth, artificial stone manufacturer.—H. Smethurst, George Street, Great Surrey Street,

latter.—J. Wills, St. James's Place, St. James's Street, tailor.—J. H. Coles, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, linen draper.—R. Broadmead, York, victualler.—J. McColgan, Liverpool, tailor.—W. Graham, jun., Liverpool, wine merchant.—G. Reay, North Shields, joiner.—T. Price, Hereford, victualler.—J. Lakenan, Kingsbridge, Devonshire, malster.

*Oct. 11.*—J. Simpson, Nottingham, cord-wainer.—T. Bennett, Liverpool, victualler.—J. Fisher and J. Barnard, Bristol, horse dealers.

*Oct. 15.*—W. Austin, Singleton Street, Hoxton, builder.—T. Hobson, High Holborn, bookseller.—J. Z. Pulbrook, Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars Road, boot and shoe maker.—T. Cocks, Little Lant Street, Southwark, oilman.—W. Hort, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, tailor.—G. Watkins, jun., Milman Row, Chelsea, builder.—J. S. Blinkhorn, Wigan, Lancashire, calenderer.—M. Brasier, Margate, schoolmistress.—T. H. Downing, Longford, Coventry, grocer.—W. Bates, Westbromwich, Staffordshire, grocer.

*Oct. 18.*—W. R. W. King, Hosier Lane, West Smithfield, wholesale tin-plate-worker.—C. Gregory, Luton, Bedfordshire, malster.—D. Denman, Mark Lane, watchmaker.—G. Fairbrother and T. Williams, Birkacre, Lancashire, calico printers.—J. Smith, Liverpool, wheelwright.—H. Hord, Leeds, Yorkshire, victualler.—J. Riley, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stafford, draper.

## NEW PATENTS.

W. Godfrey Kneller, of Mitcham, Surrey, Chemist, for certain improvements in evaporation. August 24th, 6 months.

R. Else, of the City of Bath, Gentleman, for certain improvements in drying malt. September 7th, 2 months.

W. Church, of Heywood House, Bordesley Green, near Birmingham, Warwick, Gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus to be employed in the transportation of goods or passengers, parts of which said improvements are also applicable to the ordinary purposes of steam engines. September 7th, 6 months.

I. Dodds, of Horsley Iron Works, in the Parish of Tipton, Stafford, Engineer, for an improved combination of materials and method of manufacturing valves for steam engines or steam apparatus, or for any other fluid or gas, or in any other situation wherein valves or sluices may be used. September 14th, 6 months.

J. Heathcoat, of Tiverton, Devon, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machines or machinery used in the manufacture of bobbin net. September 14th, 6 months.

J. Scott Howard, of Chow Bent, Lancaster, machine maker, for certain improvements in machinery called roving-frames, for roving cotton and other fibrous substances. September 21st, 2 months.

L. Cournier, of Kennington Green, Surrey, Gentleman, for an improvement in curing certain maladies of the head. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. September 21st, 2 months.

F. W. Williams, of Gilbert Street, Oxford Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for a liquid or composition for polishing furniture and other articles, which he intends to denominate "Williams' French Polish Reviver." September 21st, 6 months.

J. Robertson, of Crofthead, in the Parish of Neilston and County of Renfrew, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in the mule jenny or other machine for spinning of cotton, and in the billy stretching frame, or other machine for roving of cotton, and in the machinery for spinning and roving of silk, wool, flax, hemp, or other fibrous substances. September 21st, 6 months.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by a horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1833.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Sept.					
23	41-65	29,94-29,83	S.E.		Generally cloudy, sunshine at times.
24	44-66	29,71-29,60	S.E.		Rain frequent during the day from a general cloud.
25	43-64	29,51-29,60	S.W.	,075	Except the evening, generally cloudy.
26	44-65	29,72-29,74	S. b. E.		Cloudy, except the morning.
27	41-62	29,60-29,51	S. b. W. & S.		Evening clear, otherwise generally cloudy.
28	39-63	29,57-29,68	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
29	37-63	29,77-29,97	N.W.	,05	Generally cloudy.
30	34-62	30,02-30,07	N.		Clear.
Oct.					
1	33-61	30,11-30,13	N. b. E. & N.		Generally clear.
2	33-59	30,15-30,06	N.E.		Clear, except the evening.
3	35-60	Stat. 30,01	N. b. E.		General cloud.
4	35-61	30,03-30,06	N.E.		Generally clear.
5	37-59	30,07-30,04	N.E.		Generally clear.
6	36-60	30,02-30,05	N.E. & N.		Generally clear.
7	34-60	30,04-30,01	N.E.		Generally clear.
8	39-59	Stat. 29,96	N.		Cloudy.
9	37-58	30,05-30,12	N. b. W.		Cloudy, except the evening.
10	35-58	30,16-30,13	N.W.		Generally clear.
11	33-55	30,09-30,03	N. b. W.		Generally clear.
12	32-50	29,98-29,96	S.W. & N.W.		Morning clear, afternoon cloudy, rain at times.
13	30-51	30,01-30,07	S.W.	,1	Cloudy.
14	40-59	29,57-29,40	S.W.	,2	Raining from a general cloud frequently.
15	43-55	29,27-29,04	S. b. W.	,45	Cloudy, rain at times in the morning and evening
16	39-55	29,16-29,31	S.W. & W b. S.	,2	General cloud, rain at times.
17	38-56	29,48-29,57	W b. N. & NW.	,125	General cloud, rain at times.
18	37-58	29,66-29,60	S.W.		General cloud, rain at times in the evening.
19	38-52	29,43-29,47	S.W.	,05	Generally clear, except the morning.
20	27-49	29,49-29,46	S.W.		Generally clear.
21	37-57	29,40-29,38	S. b. W. & SW.	0,25	General cloud, rain at times.
22	39-57	29,56-29,62	S.W.	,15	Morning clear, rain at times after noon.

*Aurora Borealis.* From half-past six, on the evening of the 12th, till after midnight, the northern hemisphere was remarkably illumined to the height of 40°; about a quarter to seven, a large conuscation arose in a direction from N.E. to S.W., to within about 20° of the Zenith, it then became detached from the horizon, and moved across the heavens much like a cloud, strongly illumined by the setting sun, till seven; by which time about 60° of its length had disappeared in the S.W. horizon; from this period, it increased greatly in breadth and brilliancy, and, at half-past seven, moved towards the place from whence it rose, till its length exceeded 90°, and so continued till nearly eight, gradually becoming fainter, till about half-past eight it disappeared. Several smaller ones were seen during the interval, moving from the N. towards the Zenith.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &amp;c.

EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN ROSS.—We have only space briefly to announce Capt. Ross's safe arrival, and give an abridgment of his letter.

*On board the Isabella, of Hull, Baffin's Bay, Sept. 1833.*

SIR ;—Knowing how deeply my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty are interested in the advancement of nautical knowledge, and particularly in the improvement of geography, I have to acquaint you, for the information of their lordships, that the expedition, the main object of which is to solve, if possible, the question of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, particularly by Prince Regent's Inlet, and which sailed from England in May, 1829, notwithstanding the loss of the foremast and other untoward circumstances, which obliged the

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vessel to refit in Greenland, reached the beach on which his Majesty's late ship *Fury's* stores were landed on the 13th of August.

We found the boats, provisions, &c. in excellent condition, but no vestige of the wreck. After completing in fuel and other necessities, we sailed on the 14th, and on the following morning rounded Cape Garry, where our new discoveries commenced; and, keeping the western shore close on board, ran down the coast in a S.W. and W. course, in from ten to twenty fathoms, until we had passed the latitude of 72 north, in longitude 94 west. Here we found a considerable inlet leading to the westward, the examination of which occupied two days. At this place, we were first seriously obstructed by ice, which was now seen to extend from the south cape of the inlet, in a solid mass, round by S. and E. to E.N.E. Owing to this circumstance, the shallowness of the water, the rapidity of the tides, the tempestuous weather, the irregularity of the coast, and the numerous inlets and rocks for which it is remarkable, our progress was no less dangerous than tedious; yet we succeeded in penetrating below the latitude of 70 north, in longitude 92 west, where the land, after having carried us as far east as 90, took a decidedly westerly direction, while land at the distance of forty miles to southward, was seen extending east and west. At this extreme point, our progress was arrested on the 1st of October by an impenetrable barrier of ice. We, however, found an excellent wintering port, which we named *Felix Harbour*.

Early in January, 1830, we had the good fortune to establish a friendly intercourse with a most interesting consociation of natives, who, being insulated by nature, had never before communicated with strangers. From them we gradually obtained the important information that we had already seen the continent of America; that about forty miles to the S.W., there were two great seas, one to the west, which was divided from that to the east by a narrow strait or neck of land. The verification of this intelligence either way, on which our future operations so materially depended, devolved on Commander Ross, who volunteered this service early in April, and accompanied by one of the mates, and guided by two of the natives, proceeded to the spot, and found that the north land was connected with the south by two ridges of high land, fifteen miles in breadth; but taking into account a chain of fresh-water lakes, which occupied the valleys between, the dry land which actually separates the two oceans, is only five miles. This extraordinary isthmus was subsequently visited by myself, when Commander Ross proceeded minutely to survey the sea coast, to the southward of the isthmus leading to the westward, which he succeeded in tracing to the 99th degree, or to one hundred and fifty miles of Cape Turnagain of Franklin, to which point, the land, after leading him into the 70th degree of north latitude, trended directly. During the same journey, he also surveyed thirty miles of the adjacent coast, or that to the north of the isthmus, which, by also taking a westerly direction, formed the termination of the western sea into a gulf. The rest of this season was employed in tracing the sea coast south of the isthmus, leading to the eastward, which was done so as to leave no doubt that it joined, as the natives had previously informed us, to Ockullee, and the land forming Repulse Bay. It was also determined that there was no passage to the westward for thirty miles to the northward of our position.

This summer, like that of 1818, was beautifully fine, but extremely unfavourable for navigation, and our object being now to try a more northern latitude, we waited with anxiety for the disruption of the ice, but in vain, and our utmost endeavours did not succeed in retracing our steps more than four miles, and it was not until the middle of November that we succeeded in cutting the vessel into a place of security, which we named "*Sheriff's Harbour*." I may here mention, that we named the newly discovered continent, to the southward, "*Boothia*," as also the isthmus, the peninsula to the north, and the eastern sea, after my worthy friend, *Felix Booth, Esq.*, the truly patriotic citizen of London, who, in the most disinterested manner, enabled me to equip this expedition in a superior style.

The last winter was in temperature nearly equal to the means of what had been experienced on the four preceding voyages, but the winters of 1830 and 1831 set in with a degree of violence hitherto beyond record; the thermometer sunk to 92 degrees below the freezing point, and the average of the year was 10 degrees below the preceding; but, notwithstanding the severity of the summer, we travelled across the country to the west sea by a chain of lakes, thirty miles north of the isthmus, when Commander Ross succeeded in surveying fifty miles more of the coast leading to the N.W., and by tracing the shore to the northward of our position, it was also fully proved that there could be no passage below the 71st degree.

This autumn we succeeded in getting the vessel only fourteen miles to the north.

ward, and as we had not doubled the Eastern Cape, all hope of saving the ship was at an end, and put quite beyond possibility by another very severe winter; and having only provisions to last us to the 1st of June, 1833, dispositions were accordingly made to leave the ship in her present port, which (after her) was named *Victory Harbour*. Provisions and fuel being carried forward in the spring, we left the ship on the 29th of May, 1832, for *Fury Beach*, being the only chance left of saving our lives; owing to the very rugged nature of the ice, we were obliged to keep either upon or close to the land, making the circuit of every bay, thus increasing our distance of two hundred miles by nearly one-half; and it was not until the 1st of July that we reached the beach, completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue.

A hut was speedily constructed, and the boats, three of which had been washed off the beach, but providentially driven on shore again, were repaired during this month; but the unusually heavy appearance of the ice afforded us no cheering prospect until the 1st of August, when in three boats we reached the ill-fated spot where the *Fury* was first driven on shore, and it was not until the 1st of September we reached *Leopold South Island*, now established to be the N. E. point of America, in latitude 73.56, and longitude 90 west. From the summit of the lofty mountain on the promontory we could see *Prince Regent's Inlet*, *Barrow's Strait*, and *Lancaster Sound*, which presented one impenetrable mass of ice, just as I had seen it in 1818. Here we remained in a state of anxiety and suspense, which may be easier imagined than described. All our attempts to push through were vain; at length being forced, by want of provisions and the approach of a very severe winter, to return to *Fury Beach*, where alone there remained wherewith to sustain life. There we arrived on the 7th of October, after a most fatiguing and laborious march, having been obliged to leave our boats at *Batty Bay*. Our habitation, which consisted of a frame of spars, thirty-two feet, by sixteen feet, covered with canvass, was, during the month of November, enclosed, and the roof covered with snow, from four feet to seven feet thick, which being saturated with water when the temperature was fifteen degrees below zero, immediately took the consistency of ice, and thus we actually became the inhabitants of an iceberg during one of the most severe winters hitherto recorded. Our sufferings, aggravated by want of bedding, clothing, and animal food, need not be dwelt upon. Mr. C. Thomas, the carpenter, was the only man who perished at this beach; but three others, besides one who had lost his foot, were reduced to the last stage of debility, and only thirteen of our number were able to carry provisions in seven journeys of sixty-two miles each to *Batty Bay*.

We left *Fury Beach* on the 8th of July, carrying with us three sick men who were unable to walk, and in six days we reached the boats, where the sick daily recovered. Although the spring was mild, it was not until the 15th of August that we had any cheering prospect. A gale from the westward having suddenly opened a lane of water along shore, in two days we reached our former position, and from the mountain we had the satisfaction of seeing clear water almost directly across *Prince Regent's Inlet*, which we crossed on the 17th, and took shelter from a storm twelve miles to the eastward of *Cape York*. The next day, when the gale abated, we crossed *Admiralty Inlet*, and were detained six days on the coast by a strong north-east wind. On the 25th we crossed *Navy Board Inlet*, and on the following morning, to our inexpressible joy, we descried a ship in the offing becalmed, which proved to be the *Isabella*, of Hull, the same ship which I commanded in 1818. At noon we reached her, when her enterprising commander, who had in vain searched for us in *Prince Regent's Inlet*, after giving us three cheers, received us with every demonstration of kindness and hospitality which humanity could dictate. I ought to mention also that Mr. Humphreys, by landing me at *Possession Bay*, and subsequently on the west coast of *Baffin's Bay*, afforded me an excellent opportunity of concluding my survey, and of verifying my former chart of that coast.

The results of this expedition may be briefly comprehended in the following words:—The discovery of the Gulf of Boothia, the continent and isthmus of Boothia Felix, and a vast number of islands, rivers, and lakes; the undeniable establishment that the north-east point of America extends to the 74th degree of north latitude; valuable observations of every kind, but particularly on the magnet; and, to crown all, have had the honour of placing the illustrious name of our most gracious Sovereign William IV. on the true position of the magnetic pole.

**VIDOCQ'S PAPER.**—The famous French thief-catcher and author has, we are told, just taken out a patent for the manufacture of a paper from which writing or printing, when once impressed, can never be effaced. This is about the worst thing that could happen to most writers.



**ARCHITECTURE.**—We observe from *Farley's Bristol Journal*, that Mr. Britton is delivering a course of eight lectures on this important national subject in that city; and are glad to learn that they are attended in a manner which, while it is calculated to gratify the intelligent lecturer, must diffuse a taste for the science, where an opportunity at present exists of applying its best principles to the public improvement and benefit of the city. Thus may good spring out of evil; and Bristol rise, like a phoenix, from her ashes.

**WORDSWORTH.**—We are sincerely concerned to hear that Mr. Wordsworth's eyes, which have for some time troubled him, have lately become so bad, that he is compelled to remain in a dark room; and that fears are entertained lest blindness should be the result, and he should thus painfully find, like his great predecessor,

"Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

**LITHOGRAPHIC STONES.**—A quarry of stones, fit for this branch of art, has, it is said, been found near Verdun, in France.

**EFFECT OF LIGHTNING.**—We regret to learn that one of our most remarkable mechanical constructions, the chain pier at Brighton, was struck by the lightning during a storm on Tuesday evening, and several of the arches materially injured; the third so much, by the destruction of the rods, as to fall into the sea.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

**MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.**—A lecture on Botany was delivered to the members of this promising Institution, by Professor Burnett, of King's College. The lecture embodied a general *résumé* of the most striking features of botanical science, and the illustrations given by the lecturer on many points of great interest, as the organization and structure of plants, their adaptation to local circumstances, their utility in effecting many important processes in the physical constitution of the globe, and lastly, in the striking phenomena exhibited by their remains as found in a fossil state, were such as might have been anticipated from the talents of the lecturer, and elicited warm testimonies of applause from a crowded audience.

**CHICHESTER LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.**—The new session of this young but prosperous Society was opened by the Rev. Dr. Chandler, Dean of Chichester; the subject of the discourse was the literature of the Elizabethan age. The Dean observed, that the character of that period in our literary history bore a curious analogy to the architecture of the same period, in which Grecian columns mingle with gothic arches, and anomalous forms combine with the square and triangle, forming a whole opposed to critical taste, but far from being unpleasant to the eye. In the same way the authors of that period mingled the beautiful fiction of the Grecian and Roman mythology, with the wild legends of our own feudal ancestors. He entered into a very able analysis of the causes that formed this peculiar character; one of which we were pleased to hear him state was the benignant effect of rural sports; he concluded by illustrating his theory with examples from Sir P. Sidney, Fairfax, Sackville, and Spenser. The discourse was heard with great attention, and manifestly afforded much pleasure to a very numerous audience, among whom was the bishop of the diocese.

**HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, October 1.**—The period having arrived at which the dahlias present themselves in great perfection, the selections of tall, anemone flowered, Swiss, seedling, and other varieties, from the large and fine collections of the Society, Messrs. Chandler, Veitch, (of Exeter,) Hopwood, and Glenny, (of Twickenham,) &c., formed no slight portion of the attraction at this meeting; at which we noticed also very beautiful native and exotic plants in blossom. Some excellent pears, a queen pine-apple 4½ lb. weight, grapes and approved sorts of apples were interspersed.—Thomas Farmer, Esq. was elected a Fellow of the Society.

**October 15.**—Asters, amaryllis belladonna, clematis hedysarifolia, lupines from N. W. America, dahlias, a seedling pine-apple, grapes, pomegranates from a N. W. wall, and pears, were the principal of the subjects exhibited. All the pears were from the Society's garden, and were of the finest quality. A sort, bearing the name Comte de Lamy, possessed great merit, and is deserving more extensive cultivation.



The attention of the members was also directed to a plum named Coe's late Red, a remarkably good sort, which has the advantage over the famed Imperatrice by hanging a month later on the trees.

**HARVEIAN SOCIETY.**—The existence of every society tending to diffuse knowledge, either generally or professionally, deserves to be made as extensively known as possible; therefore it is that we notice the Harveian Society, which was instituted in 1831, for the promotion of Medical Science, and held its meetings in Edward Street, Portman Square. The third session commenced on Monday the 7th instant, when, among other preliminary matters, Sir David Barry, M.D., and Mr. Cox, surgeon, were elected presidents; Mr. Anderson, secretary; Dr. Stroud, treasurer; and Dr. Holroyd, Messrs. Phillips, Macintyre, Maclure, Green, and Barker, councillors.—On this occasion a paper was read by Mr. Maclure, "On the Preservative Virtue of the Deadly Nightshade (*Atropa Belladonna* of Linnaeus) against the Contagion of Scarlet Fever." The author traced the history of the practice from 1801—when it was first proposed by Hahnemann, the homœopathist—to the present time. He then remarked on the extraordinary circumstance, that, notwithstanding the numerous and respectable witnesses, as to the efficacy of the extract of this plant in preventing the spreading of this frequently fatal disease, who had recorded their experience in Germany, no one in this country or in France had even given it a trial. He then laid before the Society his own experience on the subject, and, so far as that went, he had every reason to think favourably of the practice. As to the *modus operandi*, he conceived it to consist in the plant's diminishing, by its narcotic properties, the nervous susceptibility of the system, so as to render it, for a time, incapable of impression from the contagion.—Professor A. T. Thomson said, that he had not as yet tried the belladonna, but after the strong testimony of the German physicians, and the experience of the writer of the paper, he could not doubt of its efficacy.—Sir David Barry supported the views of Mr. Maclure, as to the *modus operandi* of contagion in general, against those thrown out by Dr. Thomson, who considered, that in all cases the morbid matter is absorbed by the skin, &c.—An interesting discussion then took place on the subject, in which Mr. Cox, Dr. Sims, Dr. Holroyd, Mr. Phillips, Dr. Theophilus Thompson, and Dr. Grant, took part. The general feeling was, that the subject deserved attention, and that experiments should be extensively made.

## HISTORICAL REGISTER.

### MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

#### RAJAH RAMMOHUN ROY.

THE death of this remarkable individual last month, at Stapleton Park, near Bristol, has re-awakened much of the public interest excited by his arrival in this country;—one of those extraordinary circumstances to which we have elsewhere alluded, as distinctly marking the advent of great changes in our Indian empire. He had been unwell for some months; and the last time we saw him, which was a few weeks since, at the Star and Garter, Richmond, his fervent expressions of admiration of a splendid sunset over the lovely landscape below, were interrupted by a short uneasy cough, which caused us to fear that the day of his singularly moral, intellectual, and religious pilgrimage was drawing to a similar close, and the world was about to lose the benefit of that light which he should not rise again to scatter over the East.

Of his previous course, it is our good fortune, as Journalists, to possess a sketch written by himself; the simplicity of which is so characteristic of the man, that we are sure it will be read with much melancholy interest. It follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—In conformity with the wish you have frequently expressed, that I should give an outline of my life, I have now the pleasure to send you the following very brief sketch.

"My ancestors were Brahmans of a high order; and, from time immemorial, were devoted to the religious duties of their race, down to my fifth progenitor, who about one hundred and forty years ago gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits and aggrandisement. His descendants ever since have followed his example, and, according to the usual fate of courtiers, with various success, sometimes rising to honour and sometimes falling; sometimes rich and sometimes poor; sometimes

excelling in success, sometimes miserable through disappointment. But my maternal ancestors, being of the sacerdotal order by profession as well as by birth, and of a family than which none holds a higher rank in that profession, have up to the present day uniformly adhered to a life of religious observances and devotion, preferring peace and tranquillity of mind to the excitements of ambition, and all the allurements of worldly grandeur.

"In conformity with the usage of my paternal race, and the wish of my father, I studied the Persian and Arabic languages,—these being accomplishments indispensable to those who attached themselves to the courts of the Mohammedan princes; and, agreeably to the usage of my maternal relations, I devoted myself to the study of the Sanscrit and the theological works written in it, which contain the body of Hindoo literature, law, and religion.

"When about the age of sixteen, I composed a manuscript calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindoos. This, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels, and passed through different countries, chiefly within, but some beyond, the bounds of Hindoostan, with a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in India. When I had reached the age of twenty, my father recalled me, and restored me to his favour; after which I first saw and began to associate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government. Finding them generally more intelligent, more steady, and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudice against them, and became inclined in their favour, feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead more speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants; and I enjoyed the confidence of several of them even in their public capacity. My continued controversies with the Brahmans, on the subject of their idolatry and superstition, and my interference with their custom of burning widows, and other pernicious practices, revived and increased their animosity against me; and through their influence with my family my father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to me.

"After my father's death I opposed the advocates of idolatry with still greater boldness. Availing myself of the art of printing now established in India, I published various works and pamphlets against their errors, in the native and foreign languages. This raised such a feeling against me, that I was at last deserted by every person except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful.

"The ground which I took in all my controversies was, not that of opposition to Brahmanism, but to a perversion of it; and I endeavoured to show that the idolatry of the Brahmans was contrary to the practice of their ancestors, and the principles of the ancient books and authorities which they profess to revere and obey. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition and resistance to my opinions, several highly respectable persons, both among my own relations and others, began to adopt the same sentiments.

"I now felt a strong wish to visit Europe, and obtain, by personal observation, a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religion, and political institutions. I refrained, however, from carrying this intention into effect until the friends who coincided in my sentiments should be increased in number and strength. My expectations having been at length realized in November 1830, I embarked for England, as the discussion of the East India Company's Charter was expected to come on, by which the treatment of the natives of India and its future government would be determined for many years to come, and an appeal to the king in council against the abolition of the practice of burning widows was to be heard before the privy council; and his majesty the Emperor of Delhi had likewise commissioned me to bring before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East India Company. I accordingly arrived in England in April 1831.

"I hope you will excuse the brevity of this sketch, as I have no leisure at present to enter into particulars; and I remain, &c.

(Signed)

"RAMMOHUN ROY."

Rammohun's course since his arrival in England has been pretty accurately traced in the public prints, by notices of the books he has published, and reports of his speeches on various occasions where he attended meetings and was called forward to express his sentiments. There was no kind of assemblage which he did not visit,

from the almost private prayer-devotions of several sects, to the worship of churches and cathedrals; from the small literary *coterie* and miscellaneous *conversazione*, to the anniversaries of learned bodies, and the congregation of all ranks for the discussion of important questions. *His declared object throughout was the search for truth*: it was for this he had left his native clime, and to this he devoted every hour of his life.

We observe, from the newspapers, that several sects have set up claims to him as being of their persuasion; and that the Unitarians especially maintain his adhesion to their doctrines. In our opinion he approached them only in degree; and had not finally adopted a decided faith. He was still examining their many arguments, when removed from all; mild, moral, virtuous, anxious for the best light, and the most tolerant of human beings. Deism was certainly nearest the faith which had superseded his secession from the monstrous perversions of Hindoo superstition.

Among the persons in this country with whom he was most intimate, was Sir Alexander Johnston; whose great general intelligence was not the less acceptable to him from being accompanied by a comprehensive and minute knowledge of India, and the having spent many valuable years in endeavouring to ameliorate and improve that vast dominion. From that gentleman we have obtained some farther interesting particulars relative to the subject of this memoir. At his suggestion, the Rajah, had he lived, had determined to translate two English works into Sanscrit, Arabic, and Persian, for the use of his countrymen in India; the one is the *Introductory Discourse to the Library of Useful Knowledge*, written by the present Lord Chancellor; the other, the work upon the *Elements of Logic*, written by the present Archbishop of Dublin. The circumstances connected with his determination to translate these works are strikingly indicative of his habits and way of thinking:—Sir Alexander, shortly after his arrival in London, took him one morning, with his lordship's permission, to breakfast with the Chancellor. Rammohun was so much pleased with this interview, that he immediately after asked Sir A. J. if his lordship had written any work? Upon which Sir A. J. gave him his *Introductory Discourse*, which he immediately offered to translate, and to illustrate the translation with such drawings as would facilitate the understanding of its contents to the natives of India. With respect to the other work, Sir Alexander having, in the course of his inquiries in the Asiatic Society into the state of education amongst the Hindoos, took into consideration, with Rammohun Roy, the nature and the contents of all the elementary works upon different subjects, which are in use in their schools, stated to Rammohun, that from his experience of the Hindoos, derived from his observation of them while discharging the duty of jurymen, he thought it would be of great advantage to teach them, by some short and clear work upon logic, the mode of analysing and classifying their ideas, and thereby strengthening their understanding. As Rammohun entered perfectly into this opinion, and knew that Sir Alexander intended, had he remained in India, to have had a work of this class prepared for the use of the Hindoos, it was agreed between them, after considering all the different works upon logic in English, that the Archbishop of Dublin's was the best to be translated; and Rammohun undertook to execute the task in a dialogue, taking the form of Cicero's *Tusculan Questions* for his model. He determined to give it the title of a dialogue between a Brahmin, who had come to England in search of knowledge, and an English archbishop, who had invented the surest mode of obtaining knowledge; and being very much delighted with the situation of Sir Alexander's house at Twickenham, called York House, had fixed upon the walks in the grounds belonging to that house as the locale where the dialogue is supposed to have taken place, there being a tradition that some of the essays of Lord Clarendon, to whom it belonged in the days of Charles II., had been composed in those walks. Another circumstance that made this *locale* a place of great interest to him, was its neighbourhood to the burying-place of Pope—the beauty of whose *Essays upon Man* was a frequent theme of praise by Rammohun, who had derived great pleasure from his perusal of these essays in verse, as he had done from the essays of Clarendon in prose. When Rammohun was about to go to France, he expressed to Sir Alexander Johnston a great desire to become acquainted with the king; (his grand desire was to see a monarch whose early life had been passed like that of a common man;) and Sir Alexander accordingly wrote to Baron Atalan, his majesty's aide-de-camp, upon the subject. The Baron, though too ill himself to go out at the period Rammohun reached Paris, lost no time in informing his majesty of his arrival, and of the letter of introduction which he had brought to him. The king immediately, with the greatest kindness and condescension, invited him to dine with him on the



day some of his ministers and many persons of distinction were present ; and when Rammohun was leaving the palace, made him fix a day for dining alone with the royal family. Such attentions from such a quarter made a great impression upon the mind of Rammohun ; and he never mentioned the name of the King of France without expressing the highest respect for his talents and his domestic virtues.

Rammohun was always sensible of any interest taken in his countrymen in this country, as appears by the following letter, which he wrote to Sir A. Johnston, on his sending him a copy of the discourse which he, as chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of the Royal Asiatic Society of Literature, had delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of that Society, which Rammohun had attended :—

“ 43, Bedford Square, July 14, 1832.

“ MY DEAR SIR ;—Permit me, in the first instance, to return you my best thanks for the copy of your Address to the Asiatic Society ; and next, to assure you, that whenever I reflect on your philanthropic feelings towards the people of India, and your wise exertions to improve their condition, my heart is filled with gratitude and admiration. I only wish that India should have a few more such friends as you, uniting zeal and sound principles with extensive information. I remain with deep gratitude, yours, &c.,

“ RAMMOHUN ROY.”

To the discourse above mentioned, we have already alluded largely in another part of our *Gazette*, and now copy from it the passage more peculiarly applicable to the Rajah's visit to England. The fine youth who accompanied him, and who is now left an orphan, was his adopted son.

“ Rajah Rammohun Roy, also a member of our Society, a Brahman of ancient family, of high rank, of distinguished talents, and of great influence amongst his countrymen, acting upon the principles of a true patriot, has for many years written and published several very able works, the uniform object of which is to enlighten the understanding of his countrymen, and so raise the standard of moral and political feeling amongst them, as to enable the Hindoos of India once more to assume, by their proficiency in arts, science, and literature, the high station which they held in former ages amongst the most enlightened nations in the world. Urged by the duty which he owes to his country, and unmindful of the dangers which he had to encounter from a sea voyage and a change of climate, he has now come to England, in order that he may, after having examined on the spot the practical effects of all our moral and political institutions, gradually introduce amongst his countrymen such of them as he may think applicable to their situation, and conducive to their prosperity and happiness. No event connected with the interests of India can be more important than the arrival in England of so remarkable a man, at a moment when the British parliament is about to legislate for the whole of the British empire in India, and must be anxious to learn the opinion upon the subject of so great a scholar, and so enlightened a philosopher.”—*Literary Gazette*.

**Married.**—At St. Mary, Islington, Francis Budd, Esq., of Goswell Street, to Hannah Mary, only daughter of J. H. Little, Esq., of Frederick Place, Goswell Road.

At Alderly, Marcus Theodore Hare, Esq., to Lucy Anne, second daughter of Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart., of Alderly, in the county of Chester.

At Calbourne, Isle of Wight, the Hon. William Henry Ashe A'Court, eldest son of Lord Heytesbury, to Elizabeth Worsley, eldest daughter of the late Sir Leonard Worsley Holmes, Bart.

At St. James's Church, Lord Fordwich, to Lady Georgiana De Grey, daughter of Earl and Countess De Grey.

Lieut.-General Sir Richard Hussey Vivian, Bart., Commander of the Forces, to Letitia, third daughter of the late Rev. James Agnew Webster.

At Leeds, Mr. T. Higgins, cloth dresser, to Mrs. Mary Turner, both of Woodhouse : she being his sixth wife, and he her third husband.

**Died.**—At his house at Pimlico, Richard Heber, Esq., one of the greatest biblioplists of any age or country. So extensive is the library that he has collected, should he have ordered it to be sold by auction, on the most moderate calculation it is estimated that the sale would occupy 365 days.

In Carlisle, aged 63, Mr. Robert Anderson, “the Cumberland Bard.”

At Hill Hall, in the county of Essex, Sir Thomas Smyth, Bart. in his 54th year.

At Taunton, J. Whidney, Esq. R.N., projector and superintendent of the Breakwater, Plymouth, aged 78. The deceased sailed round the world in the *Discovery*, Capt. Vancouver, in 1791.

The Rev. J. Johnson, rector of Welborne and Yoxham, Norfolk, the friend of Cowper, the poet.

In Dublin, G. Blennerhasset, Esq. R.N., son-in-law of Sir A. B. King, Bart.

The Rev. Edward Harbin, Rector of King-weston, Dorset.